*Qu.* O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
*Qu. Mar.* Forbeare to ſleepe the nights and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
*Q.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
*Q. M.* Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
*Du.* Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
*Qu.* Windie atturnies to your Client woes,
Aerie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
*Duc.* If ſo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſonnes ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

*Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expedition?
*Duch.* A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
*Qu.* Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
*Duch.* Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
*Qu.* Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
*King.* A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed: Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,





Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
*Du.* Art thou my ſonne?
*King.* I, I thank God, my father and your ſelfe,
*Du.* Then patiently heare my impatience.
*Kin.* Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
*Du.* I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeech.
*Kin.* And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
*Du.* Art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
*King.* And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
*Du.* No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy byrth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightful, deſperate, wilde, and furious:
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
*Ki.* Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie,
If it be ſo diſgratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
*Du.* O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee the more.
*King.* Come, come, you are too bitter.
*Du.* Either thou wilt die by Gods juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,
Which in the day of battaile tire thee more,
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victorie,